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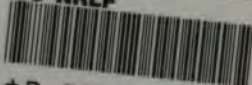
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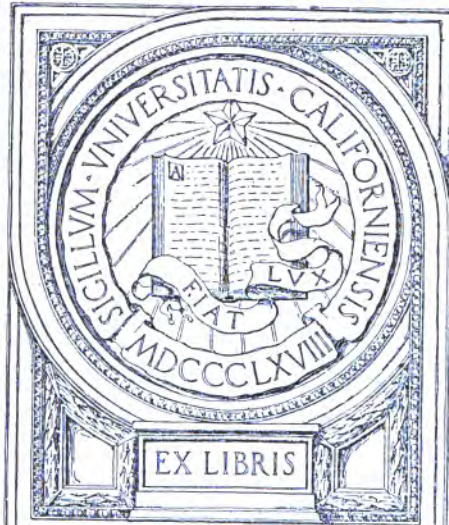
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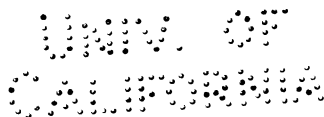
By

WHEATON HALE BREWER

Wheaton H. Brewster 1894

Burlingame Ballads

By WHEATON HALE BREWER



Burlingame, California
Burlingame Publishing Company
1920

These verses have appeared from time to time in The Burlingame Advance, and the author desires to thank the publisher of that journal for his courtesy in allowing them to be reprinted.

WHEATON HALE BREWER.

Burlingame, California,

December 15, 1920.

ALBION

GIFT

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By Burlingame Publishing Company

Foreword



We have built our homes in Burlingame because we believe that it is the most beautiful spot in the most beautiful country in the world. We know it, but all the world does not, and it should know.

One poem by Bret Harte did more for San Francisco than all the railroad folders that were ever scattered over the continent.

And more may be done for Beautiful Burlingame by these lyrics of Wheaton H. Brewer than might be done by a lifetime of boosting.

This is an almost irreverently practical view to take of a book of poems, but we live in a practical age, and I am appealing for this little volume as a souvenir to be scattered broadcast.

As for this work, it speaks for itself. You who read these poems must instantly recognize their truth and beauty. They are something more than the homespun rhymes of the home-town bard. They are the voice of youth

in rapturous praise of beauties that are apt to be overlooked simply because they are everywhere about us.

Burlingame should be as proud of her poet as her poet is proud of Burlingame.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

BURLINGAME BALLADS

"GOOD MORNING, BURLINGAME"

By sunbeams on the wall, I see,
It's past sunrise, and time for me
To turn and stretch, and sleepily
 Bid Burlingame, "Good Morning."

The curling smoke, the breakfasts frying,
The chickens clucking, pigeons flying,
The milkmen, and the busses plying,
 Bid Burlingame, "Good Morning."

And down the flower-bordered street
Some strolling slowly, some most fleet,
I hear the first commuters' feet
 Bid Burlingame, "Good Morning."

And all I wish and hope and pray
Is that I may find out a way
To wake at sunrise, and each day
 Bid Burlingame, "Good Morning."

IN MY GARDEN

In my garden, peonies
Flaunt their crimson blazonries.
Hollyhock and climbing rose,
Contesting in my garden close,
Strive to lift a flowered head
Highest from the garden bed.

Hourly from house to house
Of Mr. Mole and Mr. Mouse
Sedately ride the garden snails
Delivering the springtime mails.
And teetering from leaf to leaf
The caterpillars come to grief.

In my garden, darkness brings
Unconventional whisperings.
Speckled tree frogs come and croak
Serenades beneath the oak.
Little breezes, stealing through,
Set leaves rustling, two by two.

Love and spring are everywhere;—
In the trees, the ground, the air.
Violets brush their pretty lips
Over snow-drop finger tips.
Every flower has heard the song—
Beloved, why delay so long?

THE MEADOW LARKS

Though nightingales have charmed the dreams
Of poets by Elysian streams,
Such singing cannot be the same
 As meadow larks in Burlingame.

Though doves and skylarks sing for hours
In gardens full of blooming flowers,
With a single call they're put to shame
 By meadow larks in Burlingame.

Clearer, sweeter than a fairy horn,
There bursts the canticle of morn,
When the brown hills are tipped with flame,
 From meadow larks in Burlingame.

BY MORNING LIGHT

By morning light, the daffodils
Bloom golden on the green foothills.
And at the garden's flowered plinth
Glow even lines of hyacinth.
The garden temple, crypt and nave,
Reveals its lilac architrave.
The congregation, in their places,
Lift their pensive, pansy faces
To their dim priest in purple gloom,
The mystic, hooded iris bloom.

And steaming in the sun, the clods
Burn precious incense to spring's Gods.

LILAC, LILAC

Lilac, lilac, lavender and white,
Incense of the spring;
No wonder that the birds alight
On your boughs to sing.

Lilac, lilac, beautiful and sweet
Green and dim and fair;
My grandmother loved to meet
My grandfather there.

Lilac, lilac, wonderful to me
Was the love they knew.
Old-fashioned I would gladly be
Such love to renew.

Lilac, lilac, lavender and white,
Blossom-crowned above;
I shall come to you tonight
There to meet my love.

HOME SONG

Gold and chrysoprased a setting make
Oh little home of mine,
Where meadowlarks sing happily all day;
Where sparrows twitter in the vine,
And by the blue bay's gleaming line
The children laugh and play.

I leave you in the early morning light
When dewdrops sparkle clear
And the flowers wave a shy, aloof goodbye.
Yet through the day you seem so near,
I almost turn around to hear
The busses bumble by.

And every night when I come home
I simply have to race
Across the buttercups and grass to see
That you are safely in your place.
And when I see my garden's face
Home just smiles back at me.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

There's a little street in Burlingame
Where old-fashioned flowers grow;
Red poppies, vivid as a flame,
Hollyhocks in a row.

Heliotrope and marigolds
Beside the privet hedge,
And pink Sweet William proudly holds
The boxed-in window ledge.

I love to go along that street
When evening settles down,
And Burlingame, at the foothills' feet,
Rests in her flowered gown.

The little breezes of evening stir,
And I never shall forget
The fragrance of the lavender—
The scent of mignonette.

MOWING TIME IN BURLINGAME

Oh have you smelled the new-mown hay
As you went swiftly to the train?
I always hate to go away,
For I shan't walk for one long day
Across that field again.

The neighbor's cow with dewy hide
Looks pityingly at envious me,
'Cause I must go while she may bide
With scented stacks on every side
As far as she can see.

Oh placid cow, I envy you
Your hours by the hay-heaped rack.
But still—, and this is oh so true,
Perhaps you really never knew
The joy of coming back.

ROBIN, ROBIN

Robins in my garden all the winter time,
Draggle-feathered, hunted angle worms.
Through the cold of early frost and rime
They tackled every kind of thing that squirms.

And I often wondered, coming in at dusk,
Why those robins chose to winter here,
When their fellows flew through groves of orange
musk
Where summer lasts the whole long year.

Now the early summer sets the world in tune,
And I know at last what made the robins stay.
For they've built themselves a nest in bridal June,
And their song grows clearer, sweeter every day.

They've nested in the cypress near the climbing rose,
And three blue eggs are cuddled to the breast
Of the little mother, as each summer breeze that
blows
Rocks the cradle and its precious freight, to rest.

SUPPER

I've cut the lawn and hosed the walk;
 (How sweet the roses are!)
The air seems full of drowsy neighbor talk;
 (And there's the evening star!)

I've trimmed the hedge and scattered ash;
 (The snails are bad this year!)
It's time now—yes, up comes the kitchen sash—
 And supper time is here.

Oh this is good; the day's work through,
 The garden put to bed;
A whole long evening just between us two;
 To dream and plan ahead.

**BRODIAEA TIME
IN BURLINGAME**

Pussywillow time has come and gone;
The johnny-jump-ups all are dead;
And in the summer's dewy dawn
No pale calchortus lifts a flowered head.

But in the fields of browning, seeded grass,
One flower blooms, bright, sturdy, and serene;
For, as the singing trade winds pass,
The brodiaeas reflect the blue sky's sheen.

Oh, gardens are most beautiful,
And daisy laws are fair;
But the brodiaeas in Burlingame,
When summer hills are bare,

Have caught the shadow of the sky
When not a cloud will pass,
And the brodiaeas in Burlingame,
Hide heaven in the grass.

SUMMER

I went a-field when Burlingame
 Wore spring's new scarf of green and gold
And poppy meadows were aflame
 With beauty that cannot grow old.

The lion-hided summer hills
 Crouch silent by the laughing bay—
A silence that the trade wind fills
 As the blue waters steal away.

The poppy fires of spring, I knew,
 Were wonderful. But oh, to me
The tawn hills by the bay's still blue
 Are more than spring could ever be.

BURLINGAME

Stillness, and the cool of dew;
Dawn-freshness over dahlia plots;
Roosters laughing as they see
Commuters run cross-lots.

Hills lovelier than Gilead,
All modest, fringed with trees,
With scarves of fog about their crests—
The Georgette of the breeze.

Whimsey smoke that steals aloft
On highways of thin air—
For Burlingame, as all men know,
Has good roads everywhere.

Oh Burlingame, home of my home,
Your eucalyptus trees, like men,
March proudly up the county road,
And then march home again.

**COME DOWN
TO BURLINGAME**

Come down, come down, to Burlingame,
When dahlias paint the ways,
Starring the homeward paths with flame,
And golden, sunshot haze;
And banks of dawn-pink, hiding rays
Of dark Black Beauty's light,
And collarettes, dim disks of praise;
Oh what a rainbow sight!

Come down, come down, when dahlias grow
And proudly stand to raise
Large, floppy heads in row on row
Of beauty-light arrays
Of Sea Bright, Tevis, with a glaze
From Copper King's dull blooms,
And rhythmic patterns, through the maze,
From Golden Rod's gay looms.

Come down, come down, when Twin Sixteen
Its maiden homage pays
To Jupiter's imperious sheen
Beneath Seduction's gaze,
Or Mercy's floret-tinsled sprays,
Or Sweet Remembrance, without stint,
Lovely as far-heard roundelays;—
Or Delices, tipped with a second tint.

Come down, come down, when flowers flame
In row on vivid row.
Come down, come down to Burlingame
Come down when dahlias grow.

**HOME TO
BURLINGAME**

It's getting darker every night,
And I like to come home in the dusk.
How many roses have bloomed today—
I can smell their fragrant musk.

The street is peaceful and quiet now;
The evening star is my guide.
The children have gone to supper and bed,
As I hurry by outside.

Yes, there's a light in the parlor,
And the baby's awake, I see.
I wonder if I seem as good to home
As home seems good to me?

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